Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke deſpaire againſt my ſeife,
And to my ſelfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this ſeeane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt.

Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two mirrours of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which greeues me when I ſee my ſhame in him,
Thou art a widdow yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward, and *Clarence*, O what cauſe haue I
Then, being but moity of my ſelfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good aunt, you weept not for my fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept,

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring foorth laments,
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moone,
May ſend foorth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

Ambo,

Ambo. Oh for our fath
Dut. Alas for both, bot
Qu. What ſtay had I bu
Ambo. What ſtay had w
Dut. What ſtay had I b
Qu. Was euer widow,
Ambo. Was euer Orpha
Dut. Was euer mother
Alas I am the mother of
Their woes are parceld, n
She for *Edward* weepes, a
I for a *Clarence* weepe, ſ
Theſe babes for *Clarence*
I for an *Edward* weepe, ar
Alas, you three on me thr
Powre all your teares, I a
And I will pamper it with
Glo. Maddam haue com
To waile the dimming of
But none can cure their ha
Maddam my mother I do
I did not ſee your Grace,
I craue your bleſſing.
Dut. God bleſſe thee,
Loue, charity, obedience,
Glo. Amen, make me to
Thats the butt end of my
I maruaile why her grace
Buc. You cloudy Princes
That beare this mutuall hea
Now cheare each others i
Though we haue ſpent ou
We are to reape the harue
The broken rancour of yo
But laſtly ſplinted, knit, an
Muſt greatly be preſeru'd,
Me ſeemeth good that wi
Forthwith from Ludlow t
Hither to London to be cr